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N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, January 5.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Brompton, Fort-road, 7, Mr. H. N. CALEY.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. G. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. E. DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. M. WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. H. E. B. SPEIGHT, M.A.; 3.15, Rev. R. P. FARLEY, B.A.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11 and 6.30.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS W. ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt.D., M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. CHARLES PIPER; 6.30, Mr. FRED COTTIER.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. JAMES HARWOOD.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Mr. WM. LEE, B.A.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. J. WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 3 and 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Church-gate-street, 11 and 6.45, Rev. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.
 (DEAN ROW, 10.45 and
 (STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. H. VAUGHAN.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. S. COLEMAN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. L. SCHROEDER, M.A.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.
 LISCARD-WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER, B.A.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. J. W. COCK; 6.30, United Service, Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN, and Rev. J. W. COCK.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Higher-terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
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 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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* * All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GREETINGS to our readers, near and far, at the beginning of another year! We wish for them more peace and joy in believing and the sense of widening opportunity in the service of human need. For ourselves we shall be satisfied if we can be their helper in faith and work. While we hold up a mirror to many aspects of contemporary life and provide a chronicle of passing events, it is our aim to do something more than retail information or entertain our readers in their moments of slippered ease. We shall be disappointed if they do not catch some of the spirit of divine discontent from our pages, and find themselves breaking away from merely conventional thinking in the church and the easy and fashionable ways of doing good in the world.

* * *

THE net of our curiosity is a wide one, but we can never make our sympathy large enough to meet all the claims of the charity of Christ. It always seems to us better to understand than to judge, and to practise conciliation than to widen the breach. In the case both of churches and individuals we prefer to praise the good rather than to condemn the evil. A hearty and intelligent interest in all sincere answers to the problems of faith is a virtue which we value very highly. We have no desire to avoid controversy when it arises, for it is one of the methods by which men sharpen their wits for the perception of truth, but controversies about religion should always move on a high plane, with good manners, a scrupulous desire to be fair, and a chastening consciousness that we are sometimes mistaken. "Let us remember," said Bishop Butler, "that we differ as much from other men as they differ from us."

But this attitude of mind—it is after all only an imperfect attempt to carry the Christian temper into religious discussion—does not mean that we are mere latitudinarians in the evil sense of that much abused term. It is possible to combine breadth of sympathy with strong convictions. We do not think that all creeds are equally true and equally false, or that it is an impertinence to try to win men from what seems to us a lower form of allegiance in accordance with a scale of moral and spiritual values, which revelation or experience has planted in the mind. Here we are not advocates of our own opinions, but messengers of a Gospel, and we speak not as controversialists eager to win victories for themselves but as lovers who desire to win souls for Christ and God. Some readers, we know, have found these accents of faith in our columns. For them all the avenues of discussion have led to the inner shrine of worship and the central loyalties of Christian discipleship. For others, who cannot always adopt our language, clear convictions may be more palatable than hazy half truths. In any case, we hope that they will pay us the compliment during another year of trying to understand what we mean.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that many of our social habits are being modified in a very significant way. As a nation we eat and drink more in public than we used to do, and we are more dependent upon organised entertainment in our leisure time. For people who can afford it the home is giving place to the restaurant as a place of entertainment, and the family is ceasing to be the accepted social unit, with its ancestral memories and happy days of domestic festival. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* calls attention to the growth of this tendency in London. No doubt the influences that make for change—the amount of money available for expensive pleasure, and the cosmopolitan

character of wealthy society—exist there with an aggressive strength which is unknown elsewhere. But slowly the other large centres of population are becoming infected with the same habits. The time may come when the feeling for home and the sacredness of its ties will be embalmed in our literature and the sociologist of the future will study it as a curious phase in the evolution of English character.

* * *

THE writer, to whom we have just referred, records another change which will cause less searching of heart. "The rich," he says, "have become what to their grandfathers would have been painfully sober. At a luncheon of eight persons at the Ritz Hotel last week no one drank anything but barley-water. The people were ordinary rich people, and would have been insulted had anyone called them cranks. On the same night one of the party had six friends at dinner, and again nobody touched wine. This is said to be, if not typical, at any rate a not very unusual instance of life in Mayfair at the end of 1912. The same abstention is noticed in our clubs, some of which are in consequence approaching financial embarrassment. The youthfulness of our middle-aged men is pointed to as the result of modern temperate habits, and the death of the forenoon stimulant which Major Pendennis never forgot is said to be a proof of the better health which clubmen now enjoy, and it is also held that the clubmen now enjoy their better health because they have banished the stimulant."

* * *

IN his New Year pastoral the Bishop of Carlisle denounces with characteristic outspokenness what he calls "the deadly virus of clerical monarchism," which he says still infects and renders impotent a number of the clergy. He thinks, however, that it is a fault which is diminishing rapidly owing to the closer association of clergy and laity on Church councils.

"No form of Church council," he says, "will ever prosper which does not welcome to its board all sorts and conditions of Church members, without distinction of income, rank, or class. The only person who should be barred from a Church council is the crank, particularly the ecclesiastical and political crank."

* * *

IN his New Year's address at Westbourne Park Chapel on Wednesday, Dr. Clifford devoted special attention to the significance of Labour unrest and the demand for more opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of living. Man, he said, was moving up, the old feudalism was passing, and democracy was coming to its own. The hope of the world was in the growth of character. But evils abounded. The land system lowered the standard of living. Rural England must be reconstructed. The monopoly of the few must be converted into the sustenance of the many.

* * *

THE address delivered by Sir Edward Thorpe on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Joseph Priestley at Birstall in Yorkshire last October is published in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The sketch of Priestley's character is so charming that we cannot resist the temptation to transfer part of it to our own columns:—

"All accounts go to show that Priestley was regarded by great numbers of his fellow-countrymen as perhaps the most cantankerous man of his time, always warring against established usage and constituted authority, and who purposely deserted the trodden track of opinion from sheer perversity of mind. Such a conception of his character is altogether wide of the truth. In reality he was one of the most peaceably disposed of men, gentle in disposition, not naturally prone to disputation, singularly tolerant and open-minded. No man was more quick to acknowledge any error he perceived he had fallen into. It was sheer force of circumstance that made him an active controversialist and indefatigable pamphleteer. He was no casuist, and his methods of controversy were irreproachable. His language was simple and direct and his meaning transparently clear. . . . He was a sincere lover of literature, and in every place in which he dwelt he left evidence of his efforts to bring books within the reach of everyone. He was very methodical in his habits and a rigid economist of time, and had an extraordinary power of rapid work. In his home he was uniformly kind and affectionate, and, as was truly said of him on Danton's portrait, 'Not malice itself could ever fix a stain on his private conduct or impeach his integrity.'"

BETWEEN THE YEARS.

WE may leave it to the man of common-sense to decry the associations of New Year's Day. It is quite true all that he tells us about one day being just as good as another, true that is to say in a world where there are no sacramental moments of memory and hope, and imagination has lost its wings. But that world has no real existence. Every life that has loved and suffered and rejoiced has its own wayside shrines and red-letter days; and the year moves forward for us all in ritual order, bringing us its festivals and its hours of poignant mystery and its recurrent moods of repentance and hope. It is no empty phrase when we speak of New Year's Day as one of the watersheds of life. The change in the calendar corresponds to a distinctive attitude of mind which is in no sense artificial. We look out over an unexplored land, and we brace ourselves for new tasks.

But the wise man does this not only with a keen desire to make the best use of his opportunities, but also with stern decision to learn the lessons of his own past and so far as possible to avoid its errors. And nowhere is this more needful than in religion. It is good for us to be forced to face our religious position squarely, to abandon for a few moments the fighting mood in which we uphold it before the world, and to feel a good deal of interior discomfort about many of the loose catchwords and pious phrase, which have never passed the scrutiny of deep thought and sincere feeling. It is only in this way that we can win from experience wisdom and confidence for nobler service.

It is not only the conventional forms of orthodoxy which have suffered from the obsession of the pious phrase. Men who make no little boast of their liberty fall with almost equal ease into the snares of rhetoric. As we stand on the watershed and remember many of the words which we have used as rallying cries in the conflicts of past days, it would be well for us not merely to ask the practical question of their usefulness but to probe deeply into their meaning, prepared to discover their inadequacy for the continuous and exacting service which we demand of them. Progress is one of these words, Freedom of Thought is another, Spiritual Authority is a third. For our present purpose we may confine our

attention to Progress, and that for two reasons. It is the symbol of the onward march of humanity to the kingdom of light. It is at the same time a symbol which easily betrays men into the idolatry of a phrase, until it becomes a mere trick of speech used to conceal the looseness of their thinking.

Few people will be rash enough to deny that the idea of progress has been dishonoured in this way in its recent alliance with religion. It has seemed enough simply to label a movement "progressive" in order to make it wise and good. The belief that Progress is the law of the universe, and that humanity is advancing with a kind of impersonal momentum towards perfection, has attracted many minds, and it has been the source of a good deal of shallow optimism. But already the word has lost much of its power to charm. Crowds of men are throwing off their hasty allegiance to it, and we are conscious of a deep misgiving in our own hearts. Does it mean an inevitable reaction towards the blind conservatism of the world? Are they right who see in all secular movement only a cycle of change, which brings us back at last to the point from which we started? We do not believe it, but the way to escape from these conclusions is to cease from the futile idolatry of Progress, and to press on to the things which alone can give it spiritual significance for the souls of men. It is not in itself a Christian word, and before it can have value for us it must be baptized into Christian uses. Progress by itself seems simply to deal with forces. Christianity always deals with persons. The world does not grow better of itself. Men are not swept along in a cosmic drift towards perfection. Improvement, if we try ourselves by any satisfying standard, is not dependent upon our circumstances but upon our wills, and our wills are helpless without God. Thus we are carried back through the depths of disillusion to the heart of redeeming Love, and in losing our devotion to an abstract ideal of progress we recover the Christian confidence in the mark of our high calling in JESUS CHRIST and the spiritual energies by which alone we can press forward and attain.

For attainment is an inseparable part of the Christian hope. Movement alone does not satisfy our desires; it must be movement towards an end. Faith in God means that the whole tangled scheme of life is thrilling with divine purpose. There are standards of character, not of

our making, by which we shall be judged. Over all and through all and in all there is Love, the eternal fount of being, perfect, ineffable, divine. Progress changed into religious language, and our only safety is so to change it continually, is growth in the knowledge and the love of God. As we gain the top of the pass and look back upon our strange self-confident dreams and catch the retreating echoes of our defeated hopes, all this becomes clear. Then for a moment the sense of movement ceases. Past and future have lost their meaning. We are in the presence of God, whose will is our peace.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright.

In another moment the world has resumed its course and hurries forward in an endless procession of days, and we are carried with it down the ringing grooves of change. But we are not quite the same as we were. We have learned something in our lonely vigil. We are less anxious than we used to be to proclaim ourselves the pioneers of progress. It seems a nobler ambition to be the servants of redeeming love.

A WAVE O' THE SEA.

I THINK that I could be
Almost a wave o' the sea!
To follow the swell and the tide
Afar where the great deeps hide,
Or lap the swaying boats
With shoreward dripping notes!
I think that I could be
Almost a wave o' the sea!

But if the storm should rise,
And wild blasts flog the skies,
And fierce waves toss and fling
A ship like a little thing,
Hurling her fathoms deep
Down where the dead men sleep:
I think I could not be
Any such wave o' the sea.

I cannot understand
His ways Who all things planned;
How what were ill in me
In Him should blessed be;
Yet, with a child-like heart,
Father in Heaven Which art
I say, and then could be
Almost a wave o' the sea.

HARROLD JOHNSON.

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

LIBERALITY.

BY THE LATE REV. E. P. BARROW, M.A.

"Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."—ST. LUKE vi. 30.

"A COUNSEL of perfection." "Not to be taken literally." "A pious sentiment." "A lofty ideal." "A beautiful maxim." "A rhetorical exaggeration." "A figure of speech." "Give to every one that asketh? Impossible." "Of him that taketh away my goods ask them not again? Absurd." These are the thoughts which may perhaps pass through our minds, whether we confess it or not, when we hear the words read on Sunday in the course of public worship. If we heard anyone repeat them out of doors on a week-day, we should certainly say what we thought very plainly. We should take the speaker to task, we should tell him that he was going against all the rules of sound economy, all the aims of wise legislation, all the conclusions of past experience; that if he really meant what he said, and tried to act upon it, his action would soon be found to be very mischievous, very demoralising. We should remind him that "indiscriminate almsgiving" is the one thing all benevolent people are warned against, and as for allowing other people to take what belongs to us, there would soon be an end of public order and personal safety if we did that.

Make what mental deductions you please, quote all the authorities you like; the words must have a meaning, a sober, serious, practical meaning, and that meaning it is our duty to discover. "Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

And, first, we must make some allowance for the conditions of life in Palestine at that very time. Suppose we keep to this one Gospel—the Gospel of St. Luke. We shall find little touches here and there—quite enough to show what the social state of the country must then have been. You might almost think it was our own country. There are the same extremes of poverty and wealth. The rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer. Here is a prosperous landowner pulling down his barns because they are too small to hold his corn. Here is a trader making a cent. per cent. profit. Ten pounds yield ten pounds more. Here is a steward cheating his master and bribing his friends. His master is too rich to know that his goods are being wasted, his friends are too poor to refuse his tempting offers. Here is a millionaire, as we should call him now, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. Here is a bankrupt speculator

unable to finish the tower he had begun. Here too is Lazarus lying at the rich man's door. Here is a debtor to whom fifty pence is a sum that he cannot pay. Here is another debtor doomed with his family to be sold into slavery. Here are lepers shut outside the towns, and blind men begging by the wayside. Here is a friendless widow entreating an unfeeling judge to avenge her of her adversary; and here is another widow casting into the treasury two mites—all the living that she has. Here is a traveller stripped and wounded, and left half dead. Here is a spendthrift son, less well fed than the swine he feeds. And here are crowds of country people, poor labourers, sorely tempted to be anxious for the morrow, what to eat and what to put on, not quite sure even of to-morrow's bread. These are scenes out of which parables were drawn. You may find them all in St. Luke. They are full of strong contrasts. When kind-hearted people, with a strong sense of justice, see strong contrasts, they express themselves strongly. I do not wonder that strong things are now being said and written about labour, and the life of the labouring poor, about luxury and the living of the luxurious rich. And I can better understand how Jesus meant to say a strong thing, and to say it strongly, when He said "Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again." There are cold-hearted people who will not be moved, will not even listen, unless you put things in a very strong way indeed. It was for them He said it.

But what exactly did He mean? We may be sure He did not mean that we should give to every beggar, and allow ourselves to be robbed right and left. We may be sure He did not intend any man to do what was good for himself, and bad for everyone else. It would be very bad for society to allow beggars and thieves to thrive and multiply. Private virtues must be social virtues also, be for the good of the community, or they are not virtues at all. All this is clear enough now. It is part of the A.B.C. of social economy. What then are we to do with our text? Is it possible, would it be advisable to do what we are here told to do? "Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

It depends very much on what we mean by giving. Money is not the only thing to give. Very often it is the one thing not to give. Moreover, begging is not the only form of asking. Very often the most pleading wants are those which are unspoken. Every man or woman you meet is in need of something. Every sign of misery is an appeal, every look of helplessness is a petition. Sometimes those who most want help are those who are most unwilling to be helped. Every

life wasted by sickness, worn by toil, worried by care, vexed by disappointment, oppressed by loneliness, defiled by sin, haunted by despair, if it does not call aloud, entreates your pity. Every slouching tramp, every skulking rogue, every drunkard, every fallen profligate, every ill-used child, and every ill-used beast, is a secret reproach, and an urgent, though silent, demand. These things ought not to be, and, if I do not mend them, I allow them. Social wrong means somewhere social neglect. Money? to cure ills like these? The good Samaritan keeps his money to the end. "Whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee." But first he spends himself, the oil and wine of personal care and effort and stooping self-denial and self-inflicted loss. It is the taking out of the twopence to compound and to get others to do what we do not like doing ourselves—the getting rid at any price of the trouble and responsibility and unpleasantness of personal duty—that makes the wretchedness and waste of life around us. A Christian conscience ought to have no difficulty in explaining to itself, in a suffering city like this, the simple words: "Give to every one that asketh thee"—however mute, however remote, the asking may be.

"Of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again." Robbery is not the only way of taking away. The rate collector and the tax collector take away. Every public claim, every public burden, takes away. It is not easy to meet them, to accept them in a Christian spirit. And yet a willing, ungrudging response, even in paying rates and taxes, would be one of the many right interpretations of Christ's command: "Of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

Are we afraid of the word Compulsion? Compulsion is sometimes a boon. The will of the State for the good of all is better than any individual wish for myself alone. The will of the State cannot perhaps fix a living wage, but it can do something to determine what the standard of living shall be; what shall be contributed, what shall be supplemented; to encourage self-reliance, prudence, and even abstinence in early life; to deepen that sense of mutual obligation which all members of a community ought to feel. And that public will, to be really human in its character and intention, must not be a political impulse, catching at some party device, but a moral resolve, a religious purpose. It must be fed and maintained by your sense of right and mine. The shaping of the future is not merely a more or less successful policy. It is the success or failure of nothing less than the kingdom of God on earth. If that Name is to be hallowed, if that kingdom is to come, if that will is to be done on earth, as it is in heaven, then we must give real and actual expression to the teaching of Christ—take it seriously, apply it practically, uphold it persistently. This we are not always bold and earnest enough to do, and that perhaps is why it is sometimes pressed upon us in the boldest, most earnest way possible, even in such an extreme form as this: "Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ASPIRING EFFORT.

EMERSON'S saying that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind" seems especially true in the mad whirl of business or of pleasure so characteristic of the present century. We accumulate the means of enjoyment; we increase and complicate the appliances for living till the means overshadow the end. Life is passed in a trivial round of pleasures, most of which have long since ceased to please, or in work which, daily speeded up, becomes more and more exhausting. The motor-bus or the taxi-cab may take us easily and quickly to our work or our pleasure, but they do this at the cost of making our streets rather less dangerous than a battlefield. Life is becoming externalised: a vast and complicated machinery. And we, as the helpless cogs of its tireless wheels, are carried round and round in its ceaseless course. We can find little time for quiet enjoyment or for reflection on life's deeper problems. And if we ask, "What is the meaning of it all? What is the end of all this eager strife?" we can find no answer. The prevalent systems of thought either view the world as a soulless mechanism, which grinds on for ever without end or aim, or we are offered a philosophy of hustle, which reflects the feverish unrest of politics and business, and urges us to strenuous action for the sake of the activity itself, without pointing us to any end worthy of our striving.

Unsatisfactory as things are at present there is no reason to despair. There must come a reaction against the superficial life of the day. A few here and there are already beginning to feel the emptiness of the life we lead—in spite of its mechanical triumphs—and the shallowness of the conceptions on which it is based. They are longing for a view of life which shall reveal its meaning and give it elevation and dignity. "The signs of the times are encouraging: the utilitarian mode of life is wearing itself out; the taste of material comforts has been with us long enough to experience the poverty of their quality; the mad gamble for the 'things that perish' is gradually weeding out its devotees." This, Dr. W. Tudor Jones tells us in his interesting book, "An Interpretation of Rudolph Eucken's Philosophy" (Williams & Norgate, 5s. net), is the belief of that inspiring thinker. In this little book we find a sketch of a philosophy which asserts that life may, and must, be raised above the trivialities of the passing day and lifted to the realm of the eternal. Dr. Jones has done well to give such of the reading public as have any inclination for the study of philosophic problems a sketch of the essentials of Professor Eucken's teaching, in language as free as possible from technicalities. It is to be hoped that his exposition may encourage his readers to study the writings of the philosopher himself—a task, unfortunately, somewhat difficult, both from the unfamiliarity of the thoughts them-

selves and from the complicated form in which they are presented.

A theory is widely held at the present time that the only discoverable end or purpose of all our activities is the survival of the individual in the struggle for existence, and his enjoyment of a healthy and fully developed physical life filled with sensuous enjoyment. The so-called higher activities, mathematics, scientific research, art, and literature, are of value either as mere play of the mind, by which it is strengthened or refreshed, or as indirectly leading to the discovery of more subtle weapons for the struggle for survival. Against this view that the higher activities have merely instrumental value, Eucken, like Münsterberg and other thinkers opposes that of their ultimate value as expression of a super-personal and eternal life. This life, called by Eucken the spiritual life, introduces us into a new world of eternal values which satisfy the longings of the soul and give profound meaning to our lives.

He adopts the new psychology of William James, which teaches that our world is what it is to us because we observe those aspects of things which answer to our instincts and our needs, neglecting the others. To the lowest animals the world is probably but a world of sensations, without any consciousness of objects. Later on, with the development of sense organs and organs of locomotion, the world becomes a world of things to be courted or shunned. Still later the distinction, between thoughts and things, between external objects and the self, emerges, and the world is largely transformed into a world of persons with will-relations between them. The growth of civilisation and culture at length makes man conscious of a world of super-personal relations and eternal values, giving a deep and satisfying meaning to his transitory life. When he has once become conscious of this world he feels that his life is essentially a spiritual life: that his true and abiding interests are not what he shall eat or drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed; nor does he find the end of life in mere sensuous enjoyment, but in the vision of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Once he has had this vision he can never be satisfied with any life which does not seek the realisation of these ideals:—

The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

Eucken believes that man is destined to enter upon and take possession of this world of eternal values. The whole course of civilisation—the development of science and art, of the social order, of culture and refinement, of philosophy and religion—is the work of the spiritual life slowly developing within us. In this he is at one with many other thinkers. What specially distinguishes his teaching is the insistence on the necessity of struggle for the realisation of this life. We must conquer the Kingdom of Heaven by violence. Only by resolute and unceasing effort, at the cost, it may be, of blood and tears, can we ever enter this new and higher world. Eucken is never tired of insisting that only

thus can we win redemption. Like Goethe, the burden of his message is untiring effort.

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.

MAURICE ADAMS.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE.

My most precious heirloom rests this moment on my escritoire. It is a Florentine casket of chrysoprase and gold, bearing a quaint device of Saint James holding aloft an apple-bough. It has always held its present treasure—my great-great-grandmother's fichu of English point lace. You would be charmed by the exquisite workmanship and design of the latter. In addition to its obvious intrinsic worth and family interest, it has a special personal value on account of the peculiar influence it exerts upon me. It temporarily endows me with a measure of psychometric power. As I handle the delicate texture and become aware of the slight waft of lavender borne to my nostrils, that well-known psychological association between sense and imagination is established, my thoughts involuntarily wander backward over the past; and things of old have their way with me, and the light of other days illumines all I gaze upon.

I seem to move, unseen, through such a garden as Marcus Stone has often painted, over flagged terraces, along close-trimmed hedges, past the fountain and the dials and Cupid figures. The apple-trees are pranked in pink and white, and the flowers are ablaze with colours that I never witness in my own grounds. Around the bole of the walnut tree a seat has been made, and there sits a handsome youth clad in gold-buttoned plush, with collar and cuffs of ruffled lace. He is intently gazing upon the face of a girl seated hard by, apparently absorbed in her embroidery work. Loosely flung around her shoulders is the identical lace I almost forget I now hold in my hands. They mark me not, for I can never come within the charmed circle that bars me out from days two centuries ago.

Then a mist floats over the scene, and the picture changes. I see the same figure with her children round her, beautified and ennobled, for a new light gleams in her eyes, unrevealed in the bride, which the sacred flame of motherhood only may kindle.

Again, the picture fades, and when next she appears, a more buxom figure with a maturer loveliness is presented, with deeper wisdom brooding in her eyes. It is a festive function; her son is come of age; when the stripling approaches his mother, unconcealed pride of a hundred generations seals the kiss she plants on both his cheeks. One feels the glow of desire surging through the young man's breast to be even worthy to retain the love of such a mother.

Another vision forms itself but slowly out of the past. I see a face still handsome, though deeply lined with sorrow, crowned with snow-white hair. She is leaning on a young companion's arm. They traverse together a gravelled path edged with box-bushes. Through the wicket gate in

the background slowly advances a clean-shaven old man in powdered wig and peruke. He bends low to the grandame, saluting her with a kiss upon her hand. She wears a familiar piece of lace in honour of a visit from an old friend, still loyal and true amid times that have changed. The children have gone their ways; most the long, long way; few friends remain to the widowed lady, who is happier in her memories of the past than the activities of the present.

While these visions last, I seem to come into rapport with the atmosphere of the place seen and the spirit of the age portrayed. I am impressed with the contrast they present to our modern times. A thousand things we know, they did not know. A thousand things we can do, they could not do. Yet, in our cleverness, in our comprehensiveness, in our speed, we seem to be losing something they had which was very precious. The courteous manners, the sweet observances of chivalry they exhibited seemed to spring from the depths of their nature; were not customs learnt by rote; not habits confirmed by repeated rehearsal. Their loyalty had a profounder source than mutual advantage. The compulsion of the given word, the irrefragability of the plighted troth, held them in bonds. *Noblesse oblige* constituted a sacred canon rather than a loose standard. The demands of honour were almost religious.

They had, moreover, learnt the secret of "a heart at leisure from itself." The restlessness that drives us to travel over all the world did not fret their bosom. They moved in an atmosphere of serenity, of the calm that broods over late autumn. Their faces in age are beautiful with that transfiguring inward beauty that keeps the heart eternally young. They knew the art of being old. They manifested the graciousness of old age; the austere charm, the benign dignity of those who, beneath the weight of years, preserve the freshness of their spirit from a life-long gentleness that has kept them at peace with all the world.

We have enterprise, which leads to wide multiplication of wants; they had contentment which permits simplification of the means of life. In our worship of aggressive energy, which favours faith in the pushing young man, we lose sight of the value of the mature judgment and ripened wisdom, and this leads to an irreverence for old age. We cannot revere what we only tolerate. But a generation that respected and honoured old age had a source of tenderness and gentleness which we cannot afford to let dry up. Our loss would be irretrievable were we to lose sense of the graciousness of old age.

Out of the same quarry, two stones are taken; one becomes a slab in a city pavement, to be ground down day by day by hurrying feet. It serves a useful purpose in the economy of life; its dust is washed by rains into channels that lead into the river-feeders of the sea, perchance to become the floor of a new continent inhabited by a future race. The other stone passes into some quaint corner in God's acre in the country, near where the brook bubbles and the wrens play hide-and-seek in the gnarled yew-tree, and serves but to tell the simple story of a

coming and a going of some pilgrim, perusing which reverent eyes stay moistening, and pass on with a benediction. The rains that beat upon it and the winds that spray it with dust and spore furnish the conditions that veil it with lichen and a soft clinging green robe of moss. There is use in the other, and beauty and delicacy here. Both have their place in a world of infinite variety.

We need both; use and beauty; sense and sentiment; speed and leisure; the strenuous endeavour and the spirit that recognises "they also serve who only stand and wait." In an age like ours, emphasising activity and admiring smartness, urging up-to-date methods, making virtue of modernity—is it not well to be reminded of the old-fashioned temper that favoured quietude, and loved courtesy, and cultivated gentility, and loved the tender things, the gracious things that sweeten and chasten existence?

A whirr of wheels and blare of motor-siren comes up from a lengthening cloud of dust on the road beyond the fields where the kine are grazing; a gleam of an aeroplane's canvas wings shows above the spires of the distant city; but the shadow staining the dial in the garden has come and gone for three hundred years, and is redolent with memories of golden hours connected with lavender and old lace.

FOOTPRINTS.

AN elderly lady and a youth were seated one summer afternoon in a pleasant garden, the youth with a volume of Longfellow in his hand.

"And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time,"

he read aloud, adding, "One couldn't have a nobler ambition than that; could one, Aunt Margaret?"

"Well," was the reply, "the words don't suggest very beautiful ideas to me, especially this afternoon, for Oscar has been leaving his footprints, not 'in the sands of time,' but on my flower-bed, and, in doing so, has trodden down some of my specially prized plants."

Harold (the nephew) laughed.

"I was afraid," he said, "that you were coming out with some of the usual commonplaces about the blessings of obscurity and the emptiness of glory; only that isn't like you."

"No, I don't think it is. I am far too fond of geniuses to talk in that way; but I could not help thinking, as I was scolding Oscar, that many whose names live in history have left no better traces than my dog; for instance, the footsteps of such conquerors as Alexander and Napoleon are almost invariably destructive."

"But," urged the youth, "Longfellow's 'great men' can't be destroyers, for the footprints we may leave, if we imitate them, are to encourage our 'forlorn and shipwrecked brother.'"

"That is true," replied his aunt. "I only mean that I don't care for the metaphor; and I think the best thing is to mark one's path by the effects of one's presence, not by the prints of one's feet."

I like the legend of the flowers coming up as the foot of Persephone touched the ground when she returned from Hades; I also like Mrs. Hemans's pretty line in her poem about Spring (which is Persephone, by-the-bye):

'The moss looks bright where my foot hath been';

I even like the story which tells how the fountain Hippocrene gushed forth as Pegasus stamped his foot. The footsteps of unknown geniuses are marked by such inventions as writing or working in metals. The Homeric poems themselves mark the footsteps of unknown bards; and think of George Eliot's Jubal—the inventor of music, cast out of the city to the sound of the organ which owed its existence to him!"

"Yes," said Harold; "and yet the footprint is the more personal trace. Aunt Margaret, I sometimes think you underrate personality. Most of us overrate it, I know; they say most women do, but *you* certainly don't. The footprints aren't always left where they shouldn't be. You talk as if they were all made by people like Herostratus, who set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus just that his name might be remembered. Many of the footprints are made quite unconsciously, and they enhance the value of the work. I never feel that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are quite the same to me as other great works, because I cannot trace a personality in them, whereas the particulars that have come down to us of the lives of Æschylus and Milton help me to understand their works."

"Perhaps I do underrate personality," replied Aunt Margaret. "I have seen so much of that evil practice of putting persons before principles."

"And yet," said Harold, "the principles are discovered and transmitted by persons. If it were not for those who have gone before us, where should we be? I feel as if I were on a road that has been trodden smooth for me by our ancestors with toil, sometimes with suffering."

"That is a true description of life," was the reply, "but most people are not content with walking on the road; they try to tread in the very footsteps of their predecessors. And, you see, the very firmness of these footsteps may have worn away the ground and made it advisable to tread somewhere else; besides, of course, the wrong road, or, at any rate, the least direct, may have been taken sometimes, and sometimes the road may have altered. For instance, to-day, when I was out, I saw some footprints close to a puddle; most likely the puddle wasn't there when they were made; but how foolish it would have been of me to walk in them! And then the crowning folly is, when we come to the end of the road our predecessors have made, not to try to go on, or, at any rate, not to follow those who are endeavouring to strike out a path! It is something worse than folly to abuse these persons, calling them wicked or presumptuous, but such conduct is too common."

"Yes," assented Harold, "and those who made the beaten roads had to endure the same treatment in their day. Well! if we can't make fresh footprints ourselves, we can at least refrain from hindering the pioneers who can."

LITERARY STUDIES.

EMILE VERHAEREN.

MAETERLINCK is the popular representative of Belgian poetry, the one name universally known. But among the more thoughtful of the younger generation his compatriot, Verhaeren, has gained a deeper hold. His work is felt to be the typical expression of to-day's outlook and energies, and is recognised for a profoundly stimulating force. He appeals to them as the Whitman of Europe, the poet of modern civilisation, and his genius has succeeded in interpreting the hieroglyphs of cities, that hitherto unintelligible language written by changed social conditions, cosmopolitan populations, and the interplay of capital, labour, and luxury.

Verhaeren attracts minds of every nationality, but his own background, his true setting, is Belgium. He writes with the detached judgment, the decisive outline, the clean, rare colour of a Memline; behind him are always the cool greens and greys of the Flemish landscape; while through his soul the thousand waves of Belgian life and industry pulsate into song. "I am the cross-road where all things meet," he says, and in that phrase limns the symbol of his land, that carfax of Europe, barely a hundred years old, through which four strenuous nations, England, France, Germany, and Holland, pour so much of their commerce. A curious little country, three-fourths steeped in the slumber of velvet meadows and woodlands, silver waters, and dreaming, peaceful towns, while the crowded remainder is a flare of straining unrest, loud with the noises of labour and gaiety, the dust and smoke of mines and factories alternating with the glamour and frivolity of Brussels and Ostend. Monk and soldier, peasant and capitalist, a royal family and an anarchist college, every contrast of a continent is mirrored in this little "battle ground of Europe" that grows too rich to invest its wealth in its own borders.

Naturally its poets and artists become the priests of its modernity, receiving their inspiration from its energies, as did our own Elizabethans, and giving back, in quickening reflections, the ever-changing soul of the Fatherland. To study the drawings of Khnopff is to recognise the human angel touching the stars with its forehead while its feet are grounded on the beast: a bas-relief of Meunier makes one indeed feel the tragedy of physical labour, but also its might and dignity. Social ideas are dawning in a strange confused birth, and the aged voices of the past, convention and orthodoxy, strive pitifully to guide and train them, but the visionaries having youth, strength, and sight, break from the loosening hold of feeble hands and garrulous prayers. The Jesuit Fathers of St. Barbara at Ghent imagine what priests they will make of four students who walk the quiet cloisters together: but when Belgium and all the world call, the four of them will go out to read in other books than breviaries, and to write strange and startling sermons. Destiny in the guise of the time-spirit, touches these fellow-students lightly on

the shoulder, and, obeying with a smile, we lose four unrenowned priests and gain Rodenbach, Van Lenberghe, Maeterlinck, and Verhaeren. The murmur of sacred mysteries will always follow them, a cloistral seclusion of the soul be more native than habit, and their eyes remain keen for the deeper meanings of visible things. A quarter of a century later, no longer Catholic these many years, Verhaeren will recall the holy communion of those days as one expression of that religious spirit which, varying in form, continues to inspire his verse.

O! how my soul was melted then
In fervour wondrous sweet,
That I so poor, unworthy,
My God so near might meet.
My heart devout and soft became
Beneath the vineyard's reddened flame:
I could have wished that all my life
From dawn to evening, night and day,
With clasping hands and ravished eyes
That saw the tragic blood of Christ,
I might remain alone to pray.

Wander where they may they will always have longing moments for the land and life of their beginnings—Maeterlinck for the inevitable grey towers, Verhaeren for the grey skies of Flanders; since these are symbols of the mystic faith of their youth.

Verhaeren's poetic career began with energetic realism. His first volume gave a series of studies of the Flemish nature in its Rubens aspect, bold, full-blooded, and riotous with the joy of life. The realistic stage closed in a set of portraits called "The Monks," every poem a type of the monastic life, and each drawn with so firm a hand that long afterwards they served as models for his drama "The Cloister," that unique picture of monastic passions. But realism soon passed, leaving Verhaeren depressed by the Koheleth vanity of photographic materialism, and the aimlessness of existence when seen only in cold segments of selfishness, greed, brutality, ignorance, the empty laugh and all that ends in the stillness of death. A long spell of despondency subdued him, aided by the physical suffering of neuritis; the dark moods became so terrible and desperate that he feared insanity, and in one poem of the period gives a touch of the dissecting table as he imagines nerve after nerve whiten into madness. Religion proved useless to help him, science as yet showed no revealing spirit in things, life was a gloomy tangled wood in which he had lost his way: but as he stood hesitating, troubled with questions and pain, it flashed through him that if he could not solve the universe at least he might find himself, working his way out through the very medium in which he suffered. So he threw himself into the task of exploring the shadow-world of his pessimistic mood, analysing its dreads, and fusing them into living verse. He wrote his soul out, and found deliverance. Doubts vanished when brought to the daylight: it was, though deeper, Wordsworth's experience over again:

To me, alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief.

Afterwards, in "Les Forces Tumultueuses," his voice could ring proudly at the remembrance.

Nothing is higher, spite of anguish and torment,
Than to fight the enigma's shadowy host.

He emerged to find himself free in a positive sense. Poetic form broke away from the bondage of his earlier Alexandrines, and he suddenly became conscious of new unsung beauties in the world around him. Hitherto poetry had been kept apart from utility and the visible progress of civilisation. The old false contrasts of religious and secular, monk and priest, faith and works, had held good in poetry also. It was separated from the real world in which men work and live and die; it might not mix itself up with their industries and natural concerns; poetic spirits like Ruskin saw only the devil in railways and wide streets, and would not write a line in praise of London. Yet they accepted the results: they liked cash payments, they would choose to live in the Isle of Wight or Venice, they used comfortable trains, and preferred safe bridges to risky ruins however beautiful.

Verhaeren's new phase would take things as he found them, and dwell upon them till the beauty of modernity began to reveal itself. Loneliness and inward strife had given him to himself; he would see through his own eyes, and be no longer a disciple of the past but an interpreter of the present. He went travelling from land to land, through Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, France, and England, watching with eyes that dreamed while they saw, taking in the sounds as well as the sights of cities, factories, shipping wharves, and men's omnivorous interests, not as isolated facts in themselves, but as embodiments of an omnipresent spirit of energetic evolution. To him the crowd, that scatters all our thoughts by its infinite variety of elements, was individual with a strange personality, and itself inspired a volume, "La Foule," filled with that ineludible modern sense of a social atmosphere linking innumerable units, that creates in every metropolis a new type, no longer English, French, or German, but Londoner, Parisian, or Berliner, and welds the most diverse of characters and abilities into union for productive and distributive co-operation, protection of labour or capital, the ending of wars, the future of womanhood, and a score of other social motives. This receptive singer of his own epoch turned calmly away from the tyranny of the antique and the burden of the schools. The classic is but one standard: may there not be a new standard? Why must the beautiful be ancient? Let us be quick to the beauty of to-day. "The poet has but to surrender himself to this very hour in which he lives," says Verhaeren, "listening, imagining, divining, for works, young, fresh, trembling and new, to stream from his heart and brain." Our triumphal arches need not be always mediæval. We gaze rapturously at scraped cathedrals and ivied walls; the members of the meeting-house grow rich and pine for Gothic lines; and all the while the spirit of our own time may be expressing itself strongly

and with a new beauty in a Garden City, a lighthouse, the Little Theatre, or an aeroplane. London will rival Carthage in song when her Virgil comes. Is a Titian or Rembrandt portrait really so much more stimulating than the living mask of Pan in Bernard Shaw's face and his wonderful eyes?

Verhaeren at least found a world waiting for fresh interpreters, feeling after a new religion and more up-to-date ethical criteria. He now sang not the thing in itself, but the spirit of it, the idea, as Monet painting the Seine gave no surveyor's draughtsmanship of it, but the rippling dance of colour that is the river's self, or as Whistler found the magic fairy-world, that lingers everywhere, on the wharves and bridges of the Thames when evening falls dark blue but luminous, and the lamps come out in misty stars of gold. It may be still the rarest gift that of seeing the beauty of the city's actual self, something more than its scenes, its dusky sunsets along Piccadilly or the fascination of a Place de la Concorde at night—but Verhaeren had the gift. He felt the glory of an unseen energy, concentrating manifold interests, flowing equally, and with the subtlety of light through external forms till it turned all things, whether electric trams or artistic posters, to the one end—that of the city's self-realisation.

Through the middle period of his poetic work he is afire with the modern spirit, etching his visions in brusque expression that rivals the realist of Camden for directness. There is that primitive force in which thoughts dart into being with rude ferocity, and attain an original and almost personal form in hard, sure outlines. His mind is a cosmic portico, bright with strong frescoes that catch the eye of the most careless passer-by. It was impossible for him to live one petty life only, hedged in by narrow conditions, when he could feel a universe pulsing through him, and taste the whole of its ideals, joys, and pains, being himself not one but a thousand in one. A man slowly learns the marvellous complexity of his own life, the many strands of thought, feeling, experience, and heredity with which the past has produced his unique self; and now he can only enjoy a full life in proportion to his apprehension and assimilation of this bewildering abundance.

Freed from thy narrow self thou wilt
be multiplied;
Thy melted being become a million more.
The whole world filtering through thy
transparency.

Among Verhaeren's symbols of this enlarging life, perhaps the wind stands first, the wind that like the spirit, "bloweth where it listeth."

If I love, admire, and wildly sing

The Wind—

It is because it fills my being utterly;
and yet
Before it filtered through my cheeks and
pores
With its rude force and kissing tenderness,
To the blood that makes my body live,
It first has held the world within its
arms.

This note of mystic unity heard by Verhaeren through all modern life makes him an enthusiast on the suburban web of cities, the dark pall of factory smoke, the grinding wheels of machinery, and all that tells of the restless will and sleepless labour that draws men intimately and actively together in large communities. He revels in the multiple life of to-day, shouting with joy at the siege of the world undertaken by the mixed horde of capital, labour, invention, science, art, democracy, and learning, and urging himself on to the entrancing scene:

In thy flights surpass thyself un-
ceasingly,
And be thine own continual wonder-
ment.

The volumes of his later stage are more definitely spiritual, with a metaphysical feeling after that eternal reality whose changing face is actual existence. In the quiet Belgian retreat where the greater part of his year is passed amid friendly peasants, Verhaeren has been working at a philosophy of divine immanence that is hardly distinguishable from a gospel of human will.

Man in the universe has but one
master, himself,
And the whole universe is this master, in
him.

Hero, scholar, artist, apostle, explorer,
Each in his turn would scale the dark
wall of mysteries,
And thanks to their toil, united or alone,
The new man feels himself a very uni-
verse.

He expresses it in prose:

"Man is a fragment of world-architecture. He has the insight and mind of the whole of which he is a part. He becomes, in a way, that personal God in whom his ancestors believed. Is it conceivable then that lyrical exaltation shall long remain indifferent to this release of human power, or be slow to celebrate so vast a spectacle of greatness?"

Poets have dreaded the austerity of science with her cold white light dispelling myths and fairylands; "philosophy would clip an angel's wing," thought Keats; but Verhaeren welcomes all knowledge as the companion of life; however costly it gives new meaning and value to the material universe. Something of ethical and religious worth comes when the struggles and martyrdoms of scientists and philosophers unveil the divinity resident in man, and show him possessing his fate within himself. This, which Maeterlinck gained from silent lonely towers and waters of the past, Verhaeren learned in the throng and urge of the cities of to-day.

His course as a poet may be seen then, starting in the realism of "Les Flamandes" and "Les Moines," passing through the heavy clouds of "Les Soirs" and "Les Debâcles," re-entering real life in "Les Campagnes Hallucinées," "Les Villages Illusoires," and "Les Villes Tentaculaires," and attaining a spiritual height in "Les Forces Tumultueuses," "La Multiple Splendeur," and "Les Visages de la Vie." Powerful as his dramas are for the study if not for the stage, they add nothing to the story of his life's work,

though Balthasar, in the "Cloisters" is a vivid illustration of Verhaeren's own appeal to the world of men as the final court for one unsatisfied with professional religion. His poems are himself, and hardly less are they his generation, which at one moment revels in the joy of life, and material things, only to be next instant darkened with doubts and pains; then, throwing itself fiercely into the battle of practical action it is soon eager for mystic voices that tell of any new faith.

It is something for the "Belgian mystical Socialist," as Remy de Gourmont calls him, to have achieved this poetic vision of the "Comédie Humaine," of his own time, and to have touched men that they dream of a golden future emerging from our own grey present.

What matter the evils and demented hours,
The dens of vice, the city's hot ferment,
If some day, out of the mists and veils,
Rises a new Christ, carved in light,
Who to himself uplifts humanity,
Baptizing in a fire of new found stars.

EDGAR DAPLYN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

THE SPECIAL APPEAL FOR THE SUSTENTATION FUND.

SIR,—I find some friends, who are laudably anxious to have an honourable share in our great effort, have seriously misunderstood one important point in my letter, which you kindly inserted on the 21st inst. As their lucidity of mind is beyond question, the fault is doubtless mine, and may have misled others.

What I intended to say was that if each of the 600 canvassers secured an average of £18 our task would be complete; or, to put it in another way, if each congregation in England and Wales contributes an average of £35 by the year 1917 the same happy result will be gained. Some, I admit, cannot reach this figure, but I trust not one of them will, on that account, be deterred from doing what it can. Others will raise that amount many times over, and I trust none of them will stop until they also have done what they can. In this, as in so many other matters, the strong have to bear the infirmities of the weak. I am rejoiced to hear of congregations in which every member is pledged to contribute. We are not unreasonable, we only ask people to do what they can. If all will do that, I personally have no fear as to the result. The very sense of joining with a multitude of others in a great cause is itself a noble and fructifying incentive.

May I add that the letter of November 20 which, in almost every case, was addressed either to the minister or secretary

of each congregation, contained a form to be filled in and returned to me? Will those who have not yet returned the form kindly do so as soon as possible?—Yours, &c.,

JAMES HARWOOD.
60, Howitt-road, Hampstead, N.W.,
December 31, 1912.

THE LIVERPOOL RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

SIR,—As an old Liverpoolian I have felt interested in the figures published by the *Daily Post* to which you refer.

From a denominational point of view the figures, at first sight, are discouraging, but a closer survey tends to lessen that feeling. In the first place the Domestic Missions ought to be excluded. While their religious value is of the highest, their object is avowedly unsectarian, being solely to carry spiritual and educational influences into neglected districts. We have then left four Unitarian churches, where the evening attendance (the larger) was 480 in 1912, against 509 in 1902 and 549 in 1891. There is still a decline, though not a large one, but there is no indication that the development of thought is bringing increased strength. It must, however, be borne in mind that outside the limits of the census, but practically forming part of the same industrial community, are four other Unitarian churches, viz., Bootle, Birkenhead, Liscard, and West Kirby.

Now, if we widen our inquiry and ask if the modern tendencies of thought are indicating their influence elsewhere we get some interesting results.

Although Pembroke Chapel is classed with the Baptists, yet when a vacancy occurred recently the management advertised for a Progressive minister, and the choice fell upon the Rev. Donald Fraser. That gentleman does not hide his light under a bushel, and he recently publicly avowed that he was no traditionalist. Then the former minister of the same chapel has now become the head of an Ethical Church, according to report. We may regret that Mr. Youlden has given up the theistic position, but those who have heard him speak can understand that the spiritual possibilities of the present life are so great to him that he prefers to concentrate his efforts on them. Once more, there are the Spiritualists. We may not share with them the importance they attach to securing phenomena which shall assure them of another life, still, in other respects, we find them in sympathy with the liberal outlook on religion. These bodies of worshippers are all truth seekers, and as such to be welcomed by all to whom the pursuit of truth is dearer than any denominational success.

There may be others which are not classified, but if we tabulate the evening attendance at the three centres mentioned we get the following result:—

Pembroke Chapel	564
Ethical Church	189
Spiritualist	141
	894

The conclusion seems obvious that modern thought is going to carve out channels for

itself, and that the sectarian names of the past are not going to be the final classification.

It would be interesting to know the quality of teaching provided at the Sun Hall, with the immense attendance of over 4,000. Is it of the old evangelical type, or some modification?

That there is a silent modification of thought going on which no statistics can indicate cannot be doubted. Those who may have perused the Christmas sermons reported in the *Times* must have been struck with the great similarity in the point of view presented by the various distinguished preachers. Anyone who accepts a spiritual interpretation of the Cosmos, with its material forms as symbols, will find himself more or less in sympathy with the teachings.—Yours, &c.,

E. CAPLETON.

113, Highbury New Park,
December 30, 1912.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Meaning of Christianity. By the Rev. Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. SPENCER has ranged over wide fields without losing his bearings, he has carefully studied modern critical teachings regarding the Bible without erecting a protecting fence round the New Testament, he has preserved his appreciation of religious values while using the instruments of theological inquiry, he has entered sympathetically into the opinions and experience of those who reject the traditional expressions of Christian truth; he has, therefore, the most important qualifications which one would demand in an author of a book on the "Meaning of Christianity." We have read his work with a growing admiration for his lucidity and well-ordered argument and with a growing readiness to give patience to his long chapters. From the outset he adopts a very frank attitude to the Bible. We must not take the theology of the Bible without alteration as the foundation of our theology. His preliminary estimate of the value of the New Testament for theology is that it is the outcome of a widespread religious quickening, together with the corresponding sense of intercourse with and life from a great supra-mundane Power, which religious quickening gave the idea of religion and the Divine to many subsequent generations of a large portion of mankind. After a survey of the main kinds of existence known and of their manner of genesis and growth, a survey which is open to criticism at certain points, Mr. Spencer discusses the conception of God, with adequate recognition of the chief difficulties involved in that conception from a scientific standpoint. The most interesting and perhaps most able chapter is that entitled "Christ." In this Mr. Spencer very clearly and with an appreciative knowledge of recent criticism expounds the modern objections to the ecclesiastical and biblical presentations of

Christ. The doctrine of the Trinity is discussed with admirable candour and insight. In the course of this discussion the writer sums up the general impression of Jesus afforded by the three first gospels in terms which display a real reverence for the "one who felt Himself called to be a great redeemer of mankind in accordance with ancient prophecy, but who all the while was learning and groping amid the theology of His age and race—in fact, a man with intense God-consciousness, yet a seeker after truth." It is shown how metaphysics, science, and history concur in demanding a revision of the idea of Christ which has been handed down to us. What Jesus appears to have actually taught, the Christology of St. Paul, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and of the Johanne Gospel and Letters are in turn summarised in an able manner, and it is shown that the Logos theology provided conditions for the growth of the idea of Jesus as God the Son. "For it provided a conception which, while seemingly constituting a bridge between Jesus and God, insensibly became personified into the tremendous conception of another Being equal to the primal God." The errors in the formulation of Christological doctrine by the Church Councils Mr. Spencer attributes with insight to the vagueness of thinkers in their use of the conceptions which centre round personality. "Because the thinkers of the Græco-Roman age had not undertaken to investigate personality, Christian theologians, in discussing the presuppositions of their religion, were dealing with unanalysed complexes." What the Christology of Mr. Spencer is, we must leave our readers to discover for themselves. It claims to include both the Athanasian and the Unitarian doctrine. In Mr. Spencer's attempt to expound such a Christology he is in line with the best scholarship and the most fruitful contributions of the present generation to Christian theology. His attempt is based on a now familiar distinction between the historical Jesus and the theological Christ, but it avoids the absurdities into which Liberal Christianity has sometimes carried that distinction; it is worthy of the most serious attention of all who feel the sting of the present position of Liberal Christianity and of all who have its success at heart. Here and there we have noticed inelegancies of expression such as "souls which are spiritually alive," which seems to be redundant, and "natural forces and agencies . . . act in accordance with rules," but we put down this book feeling that we shall take it up again before long and turn to many of the passages we have marked.

H. E. B. SPEIGHT.

STORIES FROM THE MIDRASH.

Rabbinical Philosophy and Ethics. By G. Friedländer. London: P. Valentine & Sons.

THE above title really describes the contents of this little book better than the one which the author has chosen. That the stories have an ethical purpose is true enough; possibly, a philosophical one, though the Rabbis who created the Midrash were not philosophers, whatever else they were. But the reader who expects to find

here a methodical treatise on Rabbinical philosophy and ethics will certainly be disappointed. Such a treatise would not, as this book does, present its material arranged so as to follow the order of the story from the Creation to the Exodus. Nor would it stop there. If, however, the reader will go to this book for samples of the kind of story in which the Rabbis used to give their religious teaching (which included ethics and philosophy, and much besides), he will find a really good collection, well worthy of his attention. The translation is clear and accurate, and, considering the extreme terseness of the original, not too diffuse. A few notes are added here and there, but the attention of the reader is seldom drawn away from the story by any difficulty in understanding the point of it. If anyone wants to know what Haggadah is he should read this book, for it is all Haggadah. But, if he proceeds to quote it as being what all the Rabbis believed and taught, let him beware of playing with edged tools.

R. T. H.

THE HEBREW PROPHETS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by F. H. Woods and F. E. Powell. Vol. IV. Oxford at the University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS volume is one of a series intended to provide the ordinary English reader, who has neither time nor perhaps inclination to study heavier commentaries, with a more intelligible and attractive presentation of this important part of the Sacred Writings. The editors have availed themselves of the best scholarship, yet the text is not lost amongst the notes. Admirable introductions, chronological tables, a glossary of obscure and obsolete words, and indices enhance the value of a book which can be recommended to all who would read the prophets with advantage. Ministers who occasionally explain their Scripture lessons will find this little book valuable by reason of both contents and arrangement. A short supplementary essay on the character and present value of the prophets' teaching deserves careful study by men and women interested in the attitude of the Church towards social reform.

THE OUTCAST. By F. E. Penny. London: Chatto & Windus. 6s.

MRS. PENNY, the author of many well-known Indian novels, has given us in "The Outcast" a dramatic and entertaining story the scenes of which are laid in one of the Native States. Ananda, son of Pantulu Iyer, a man of high caste and the owner of numerous silk-farms, becomes a convert to Christianity during a visit to England. On his return to his own land, where the family are prepared to welcome him back with high festival and rejoicing, he tells his father what has taken place, and explains why he cannot submit to the ceremonial connected with the restitution of caste which is always necessary after a period of absence in a foreign country. The old man, who is a strictly orthodox Hindu with no new-fangled ideas about a "reformed" faith, at once cuts short the rejoicings, and Ananda is isolated in a

disused chamber opening on the compound but having no connection with the rest of the house. His food is brought to him by a pariah—the deepest insult that can be offered to a man of caste—he is deprived of the society of wife and child, and is, indeed, treated like an "untouchable" whose mere shadow carries contamination. How he bears himself under the subsequent indignities that are heaped upon him, and how he finally wins his way to peace under the ægis of an Anglican missionary and is rejoined by the distracted wife who has been formally "widowed" for his sins, is told in a very realistic and sympathetic way. Mrs. Penny's attitude towards Hinduism is too much coloured by her own religious predispositions to be as impartial as one would wish, and we deprecate the habit of prejudicing the reader unduly against an ancient faith which claims millions of adherents by making those who in real life would be least likely to understand its profound philosophical teaching its chief exponents. It is in this way that proselytising zeal is apt to overreach itself, and seriously retard the growth of that liberal tendency which is permeating religious thought, in India as elsewhere, to the destruction of all that is antagonistic to spiritual development and the awakening social conscience in the ceremonies and dogmas of a bygone age.

THE *British Review*, with which is incorporated the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, edited by Mr. Richard Johnson Walker, makes its first appearance this month. It seems to promise much of the serious purpose, variety, and general interest of the *Hibbert Journal* and the *English Review* combined, but perhaps it has more in common with the latter so far as pure literary excellence and the prominence given to modern poetry is concerned. It is an excellent addition to the list of shilling monthlies, and has secured an imposing array of well-known writers. The present number contains articles by Philip Gibbs, "The Secret of the Bulgarian Victories"; Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., "Crises in the Life of Napoleon"; Gerald Maude, "George Tyrrell in his life and his 'Life'"; W. L. George, "Falstaff"; Mr. Cecil Chesterton, "Huxley and the Catholic Faith"; and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who admonishes the reader gently in a little causerie entitled, "If Every Face were Friendly." In addition to this there is an article by Tolstoy, "My Views regarding True and False Science," and poems by Katherine Tynan, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and J. C. Squire. This by no means completes the list of good things provided by the *British Review*, which will deserve success and a long life if it keeps up to its present high standard.

THE thirty-seventh volume of "Young Days" (the Sunday School Association, 1s. 6d. net) is now complete, and a very attractive book it makes with its bright stories, poems, and instructive "talks," all plentifully illustrated. We are sure it will delight the hearts of those happy little people who are fortunate enough to have it given to them, and satisfy the craving for knowledge at the same time in a whole-

some and far from tedious manner. The series of articles entitled "Mother Nature's Children," and another on "Heroes and Heroines of History" (the latter by the editor, the Rev. J. J. Wright), should be specially recommended—not only to the youthful readers of "Young Days," but to Sunday school teachers and others who can in this way refresh their memories, and find new parables and illustrations which will help them to present more vividly the ideas they are seeking to implant. Miss Odgers' sunny picture, which illustrates the Motto Card for 1913, appears on the front page, and gives the joyous note which is sounded continually throughout these pages.

MISS ALICE M. BUCKTON, author of "Eager Heart," has written a book entitled "A Catechism of Life," which is intended as a guide to the parent and teacher. It is offered "as a result of many years' happy companionship with boys and girls, in the conviction that the reasonable mind and spiritual conception can develop in early years to such a steadfast attitude as will form a good foundation for the mature life, in its conscious relation to nature, to man, and to God." Messrs. Methuen & Co. are the publishers.

WE have received the Essex Hall Year Book for 1913 and the Unitarian Pocket Book and Diary (British and Foreign Unitarian Association, 1s. net and 1s. 3d. net). Both books preserve their familiar features and excellent arrangement. The Year Book contains the names of 365 ministers, of which seven are classed as layworkers. Three congregations have dropped out of the list during the year and three have been added, so that the number remains exactly the same.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION:—The Essex Hall Year Book. 1s. net.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—Heredity and Memory: James Ward, Sc.D. 1s. net.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.:—The White Slaves of London: W. N. Willis. 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Peace Year Book, 1913, The Cornhill Magazine, The Quest, The International Theosophical Chronicle, The British Review, The Contemporary Review, The Vineyard, The Nineteenth Century.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

JIM, THE FARM DOG.

JIM lived at the end of a chain. How long he had lived there he could not tell; he had no recollection of ever being anywhere else. Yet sometimes, in the cool of summer evenings, when he lay listening to the voices of children playing in the village half a mile away, there would come into his limbs the sensation of running, and

into his nose the scent of growing grass. Then the knowledge of freedom and wide spaces, and the joy of them, would take possession of him, and he would get up and walk restlessly to and fro at the end of his chain, pausing now and then to listen, going up and down, and round and round in circles, with a queer pain inside him.

He was always glad at these times if anyone passing through the yard spoke to him, though very likely he would growl at them; but that was his duty, and he generally did it without thinking.

Jim was a mongrel. He must have been descended from collies, retrievers, sheep-dogs, terriers, spaniels, and others. He was gaunt, and black, and muscular, something like a wavy-haired retriever, but more unlike, and something like a wolf; and he had, for a dog, a disagreeable sort of face. Nature makes a dog's face interesting, but only human intercourse makes it lovable, and Jim had known very little of either. As a matter of fact people hardly ever took any notice of him, he encouraged them so little. And for that he was the better watch-dog.

His kennel was a mere wooden hutch a yard square, built up against the back wall of a cattle-shed. There were cracks between the planks which let in the wind, but Jim was hardy and did not mind draughts. The floor was the beaten earth, and he never had any straw to lie on. A sheet of galvanised iron covered the roof, and kept out a good deal of rain. The hens, who were his chief friends, used to sit up there in summer and sun themselves, and he liked them to be there; and in winter the snow lay on it inches thick. When you looked in at the door of the hutch the bed half was to your left; on winter nights, by curling up very tight in the corner there, Jim could get his whole body sheltered from the open air. Besides the hens Jim had another friend, a stag-beetle, who lived somewhere near at hand, and used often to pass heavily and slowly in front of the kennel. It would pause sometimes, generally before taking flight, and twiddle its horns and groom itself, and Jim would lie for a long time, paws out and nose resting on them, watching it, only occasionally snapping at a casual fly. But he never quite understood the stag-beetle.

Behind the kennel, to the right, were the pig-styes, four of them; very nice new-fashioned pig-styes with brick walls and iron gates, and a comfortable covered part with straw in it at the back. Jim could hear the pigs always, but he never saw them except on the days when a fresh lot would be driven into the styes despicably squealing, and again, later on, when they would be let out, hustled into a cart covered with a strong net, and driven away.

In front of the kennel lay the farm-yard. At one end was a gateway on to the road, along which children used to pass on their way to and from school. They never took any notice of Jim, because he would be sure to growl if they did; it was his duty. Yet, four times a day when they passed, he was always standing outside his hutch to watch them. It was a pleasure to him. Once in seven days the gate was shut. Then no children went by; or, if they did, it was only in odd twos and threes, and

their mothers and fathers were generally with them. Things were different.

Right opposite Jim's kennel was a little gate leading into the back-yard of the farmhouse, out of which the persons came who brought him food. Further along the yard there were farm buildings; Jim could see a corner of the stable, round which two moist and weary horses were led of an evening, and a great open shed, full of wagons and machines, where the sheep-dog lived. The sheep-dog was on a chain too, and Jim could not see him; they barked at one another, and now and then the sheep-dog would be unloosed, and rush about the yard busily snapping at sheep as they were driven through. On these occasions he was too much occupied to notice Jim, so they never had a chance to fight. Right at the other end of the yard, and beyond the sheep-dog's shed Jim could see a small iron gate and some fields. Through this gate came the little girl from the great house on the hill, with her governess. They did not come at all until Jim had been on the end of his chain a long time; then they took to coming frequently. At first he would dart out of his kennel when he saw them coming, and leap about barking savagely. If they spoke to him he only barked the louder, while the hair stood up stiff and straight on his shoulders and half-way along his back. So at first the little girl was frightened of him, and used to drag her governess as far away as possible when they crossed the yard; but before long Jim learned that he need not trouble to bark at these two, unless they had dogs with them, and contented himself with staring at them, a red light in his eyes. The child, after a time, would sometimes speak to him.

"Good dog, poor old Jim," she would say; "Lie down, Jim." And he wondered why she troubled to address him; but at heart he was pleased.

One day they went into the farm house.

"Doesn't Jim ever go for a walk?" asked the little girl. "Yes, Miss, 'e goes sometimes," replied the farmer's wife. This was not true; he never went. The farmer's wife was an ugly woman with no teeth; but Jim did not mind her, as she used often to throw him chickens' heads and bones.

"But doesn't he mind being always chained up?" persisted the child.

"Oh, 'e's used to it," said the woman.

"I s'pose we mustn't go and talk to him? May we?"

"I shouldn't advise ye to, Miss."

And they never did. By and by they stopped coming through the farm, so Jim saw them no more. The little girl had grown older and been sent away to school. But always after that, whenever the little black gate clicked, he used to look quickly that way, with his ears cocked, to see who was coming.

* * * *

Six years went by, and still Jim was the farm dog. Summer and winter he was there in his hutch, or standing grimly outside watching. The hens remained, at least some hens, but the stag-beetle was gone. Jim was growing old, but he did not know it; only he used to sleep more, and he did not so often have the running sensation in his legs.

One wild night in December he lay half

out of his kennel, wide awake, while the wind whistling across the yard lifted the hair on his shoulders in little tufts. Towards midnight something came in at the farm gate. The moon slid out from behind a mountain of sable cloud and dashed across an open tract of sky. Jim raised his head and stretched his neck forward to look out; something stirred within him which he had never felt before, and he wanted to howl, but he could not. He looked up quickly at the moon, and as he did so a great swirl of wind with flakes of snow in it swept across the yard. He put his head down on his paws and listened for a moment; then he rolled over on the earth half in the kennel and half out, gave one long stretch with all his limbs, and lay quite still. Jim's chain was undone.

* * * *

The following morning about 7 the farmer came out of the house and crossed the yard. He stopped suddenly in front of the hutch.

"Ullo!" he exclaimed, "Jim's dead."

He stood staring at the stiff body for a moment, then advanced one foot and touched it, not unkindly. "Poor ole chap," he said. After that he turned and went back into the house.

A week later a young girl with two pig-tails down her back came through the little gate and went to the house door to ask for some eggs.

"Where's Jim, Mrs. Martin?" she asked.

"'E's dead, Miss; we're gettin' a new dog."

The girl took the eggs and turned away; but as she walked up to the big house there were tears in her eyes.

E. K. S.

MEMORIAL NOTICE.

THE REV. S. A. TIPPLE.

THE modern world is not in love with the recluse. In this age of advertisement it can hardly understand the merits of a man who avoids display and is content to appeal only to those whom the course of life brings within the radius of his ministry. To many to be just outside London for fifty years, like the Rev. S. A. Tipple, whose death was announced on Thursday, the 19th ult., would have been to be just outside fame, but this never troubled him. In his indifference to popularity he resembled Robertson who was actually at the zenith of his power when Mr. Tipple began to preach, and but for considerable pressure doubtless the latter's publications would have been as meagre. Like Robertson also he was practically unknown to London audiences, and will be associated with Norwood as he with Brighton. Mr. Tipple preferred to proclaim what he felt to be the Word of Life "far from the madding crowd," and nothing could induce him to leave Central Hill, Norwood, and we should not be surprised to hear that he was never known to preach in the metropolis; certainly he never did during his closing years.

We can never really regret that it meant a pilgrimage to seek out this prophet. If it was arduous work climbing the Norwood

heights after an hour's walking amid bricks and mortar, there was something in the bracing atmosphere and the stillness of the Sunday morning which fitted the spirit for the baptism which Mr. Tipple was sure to give. To fill the lungs with the pure air of heaven made the soul more receptive to the spiritual tonic which came from the venerable preacher. When so many preachers are associated with large industrial towns, suggestive of anything but the City of God, it is pleasant to associate the name of one with thoughts of fields and hedgerows. Indeed, it is as impossible to think of that lithe, patriarchal, keen-eyed man announcing subjects and delivering sermons in a crowded metropolitan church as to imagine Tennyson hawking his own poetry! The size of Mr. Tipple's audience might well encourage the young preacher who is preaching his heart out in some rural district. There was but one small gallery in his little chapel, and we never remember this being invaded by the audience: it appeared to be entirely monopolised by quite a small choir, and except on the occasion of his last visit we never heard of the chapel being full. Yet this was a preacher to hear whom people travelled from all parts of London and who earned Ruskin's praise as one of the greatest masters of pulpit prose. It was like Ruskin thus to eulogise him. The man who condemned circulating libraries and cheap books would naturally be averse to popular sermons, and we are glad that he found out this preacher who gave his message to the byeways.

Mr. Tipple was supremely an apostle of the spirit. The most tender of men, his fiercest note was ever sounded against Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and we wish that all ministers could do so without the thought of their salary and comfortable manse making the words seem like sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Mr. Tipple happily seems to have scorned the world in practice as much as in theory, and that partly accounts for the fact that we felt that no other preacher was more potent in chasing sordid thoughts from a man. We never knew a preacher from whom the breath of the divine word more truly seemed to emanate. In his finest passages there was no suggestion of affectation: he spake as one who though not yet arrived at the Celestial City had had communion with the Shining Ones and learned its language while yet on the threshold. He preached as we imagine the youthful Emerson must have preached. The sentences came from Mr. Tipple's lips as from some silver fountain just as they dropped from the pen of the seer of Concord; like his they were not often scorched with the sense of sin; like his their connection was found not by logic but by the understanding heart. This strongly spiritual note was finely evinced by his love of silence. He never preached a long sermon, he never hurried on from one item to another in the service in the woeful way of some preachers; there were often periods of silence which were quite disturbing to those who were new to his church, for he never believed that no voice spoke when human lips were dumb. "I teach," he seemed to say, "without noise of words, without confusion of tongues, without the

assault of arguments," for he always preached as though he were but the vehicle of a higher power and his words the symbols of its utterance. He was truly a pilgrim of the unseen. "A people," said he, in a sermon on the text "Where there is no vision the people perish," "are poorly off, are suffering dangerous and deleterious privation, however orderly and cleanly, however well-conducted and well disposed they may be, or however supplied with mere intellectual giants, with instructive scientists and illuminating philosophers, who have not among them their seers, some of surpassing spiritual insight, affection, or enthusiasm, to whom the world of the invisible is more vivid and more real than to others; who stand beholding 'the land that is very far off,' and things that are not as though they were: who nurse in their breasts and proclaim to unlistening or unreceptive ears impossible ideals; who dream dreams of what might be, or should be, which to the practical, the prosaic man, may seem absurd. These are an instreaming of the living amongst the dead, an angelic troubling of the sluggish waters of common thought, or common morality, and leave them somewhat stirred and cleared." He was himself such a one, and he happily sweetened the oft-times muddy pools of theological controversy by his catholic spirit, by sounding so high and ideal a note that all theologies seemed to be transcended. Mr. Chesterton has told us that the way to abolish class distinctions is to ignore them as children do. Mr. Tipple applied this theory to theology. It would have been difficult to track down a creed in his sermons or to find him in any sectarian lair. It is true he called himself a Baptist, and even to the end performed private baptisms, but he was an utter alien from its officialdom, and probably an uninitiated hearer who tried to label him would have named every denomination before the one actually mentioned on that bare little notice board. He used occasionally phrases which we had discarded, but somehow they never jarred; we felt they were poetical metaphors meant to illuminate and not to stab. In a sermon on the text "They parted His raiment among them" he said: "Ah, the pathos of the garments of the dead left with us without them, limp, empty things, which the familiar form once filled and fills no more, and hither and thither they go, sold, given away, or locked out of sight in some remote, unvisited chamber or dusky lumber room. But this dividing of His raiment at the end of His course—was it not an unconscious prefiguring, an unconsciously acted parable of what was destined to be done with Himself after His decease, of how He Himself would be dealt with? . . . Yes, into these—Low Church, High Church, Broad Church, and the Church of the monastically inclined—the Christ who lived and taught in Judea is divided; wholly absent from none, and in none perfect and entire; with something of Himself breathing and expressed in all, and, in all, with something of abridgment and alloy." Mr. Tipple was anxious to piece the garment, not by denying the existence of its variegated parts, but by emphasising the qualities common to all. The sound of theological strife rarely

reached that little chapel, even the noise of the New Theology conflict, which brought out the ammunition of eloquence in many a rural Bethel, never seemed to disturb its quietude. His preaching was, above all, the expression of a calm mind, calmed by a strong faith and a large and ever increasing hope. His soothing and yet strengthening influence ever recalled that fine verse of Whittier's:—

Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease,
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy Peace.

In external circumstance his life was not very varied. Refused admission to all the theological colleges, because perhaps he really belonged to all, his first pastorate was at Holt in Norfolk, from whence he removed to Wolverhampton, which he left in 1856 for Norwood, where until 1910, when he retired, he preached regularly, latterly on Sunday mornings only, in the little chapel on Central Hill, and when turned eighty still preached without a note. With the advance of years he had become lonely; at his retirement but two of those who had welcomed him remained—his wife and another member of the church. The former died but recently, and Mr. Tipple has now followed her. After so honourable a career and dying thus in ripe old age we cannot mourn for what he himself must have welcomed. Had he occupied the City Temple or Union Chapel, Manchester, probably a biography would have been written of him and lengthy obituary notices published. This will not be; he preferred to adorn the quiet ways of life, and it would be difficult to find a more fitting epitaph for his tomb than the closing words of one of his sermons—"The noblest sculptures and pictures will perish; the noblest utterances, the noblest poems may be forgotten; the purifying or elevating effect which they have had upon a human soul—that remains and dies not until Heaven be removed."

W. K.

MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.

MANY small signs are beginning to appear which imply that beneath the traditional calm of Hindu orthodoxy new thoughts are spreading, and new social and religious ideals are awakening to life. In the long history of Indian religion there have been numerous protests against caste restrictions, and the spread of Mohammedanism in recent decades has drawn much of its energy from this source. The different branches of the Brahmo Samaj have all included this in their efforts for social reform, and the rapid growth of the Depressed Classes Mission, founded by Mr. V. R. Shinde after studying the work of our Domestic Missions in this country, is an interesting example of the native response to this appeal.

Starting under the auspices of the Prarthana Samaj in Bombay, it has gradually

spread to other centres in the Presidency and its promoters summoned a special conference in their School Camp at Poona last October. Fifty-two separate places were represented. Mr. Shinde stated that in fourteen centres in Western and Southern India there were 24 schools, 5 boarding houses, 12 other institutions, 55 teachers, 1,100 pupils, and 4 missionaries. These operations, of course, involve considerable expenditure, as well as much loving voluntary work. Some chiefs of native states took an active share in the deliberations, and even leaders of the orthodox and reactionary parties were not wanting. Beside the religious services, the Conference proper (over which Sir R. G. Bhandarkar presided), the songs and musical drill of a large number of school children, two remarkable meetings were held which show the influence of the new leaven. One of these was for women; some two hundred of the "depressed classes" and about fifty more of the higher classes were present; and Mrs. Ramabai Ranade took the chair. Even more noteworthy was a great mid-day meal, at which all classes and both sexes were mingled. Three hundred men and women belonging to the "depressed," and fifty more of the higher classes from Poona, ate together in the Conference Camp. It was a unique function, and was only possible through the deep feeling of religious brotherhood which the Mission has created. The friends of Mr. Shinde in this country will sympathise warmly with the success of his endeavours.

In Bombay itself an Anti-Caste Conference was held subsequently by the Aryan Brotherhood under the presidency of Sir Narayan Chandavarkar. Resolutions were passed and a monster dinner followed, by way of indicating practical steps for the correction and removal of caste difficulties. The declarations of the Conference were remarkable for the vigour with which they affirmed that caste differences offend against the right foundations of religion and society, and invoked the essential principles of "the ancient and authoritative Scriptures" as the guarantee of the truly homogeneous character of the Hindu community. They recommended the gradual spread of inter-dining and intermarriage, and laid special stress on the elevation, education, and enlightenment of women. Hindus of different castes ate together, undaunted by the publication of their names.

In another direction the influence of the Samaj showed itself in the interesting gathering at Akola for the promotion of Marathi literature last November. A number of Hindu ladies were present, some of them excellent writers and speakers in Marathi and Sanskrit. Writing in the *Subodha Patrika*, the President of the Samaj and of the Mission, Sir R. G. Chandavarkar, emphasised the spiritual element which had made the Marathi literature so elevating and life-giving. A people's literature, he urged, is its life-blood. Its arts, its industries, its commerce, its material wealth, may and do perish, but literature always abides because it is the life of the Spirit. "All literature worth the name," said Mr. Pangarkar, "is born and bred of love.

All art is love. The poet and the artist have love for their theme. Love is of God and for God, and therefore the more the Maratha literature of the present and the future takes our Maratha saints, Namdev, Tukaram, Ramdas, and the rest, for its lights and guides, the more it will enrich us and make us a living people, united and free in the spirit of God and His saints, as every people with a message for humanity should be. . . . The literature of this galaxy of our Maratha saints forms the heart of the Marathi language. That literature conceived the *Bhagavata Dharma*, i.e., the religion and worship of the Supreme—of Him without a second. The victory of Marathi literature means, therefore, the victory of that religion and worship."

In Calcutta the well-known reformer, Babu Sasipada Banerjee, has given effect to one of his life-long religious ideals in the establishment of the Devalaya, or "House of God." As early as 1873 Mr. Banerjee, who had already promoted various educational and temperance work at Barahanagar, near the capital, endeavoured to form an association which should draw the different religious bodies of the country into co-operation without any surrender of their particular doctrines or practices. The scheme encountered many difficulties, but the progress of thought and feeling in a generation enabled him to renew it a few years ago. On New Year's Day, 1909, he dedicated his house in Calcutta by the name of the Devalaya for the use of an Association having the same title, for devotional meetings, and for literary, scientific, and philanthropic work. It is a place of fellowship for all denominations, the sole condition being that no speaker is to vilify or ridicule any religious doctrine or practice, any sect, community, or person. Here, month by month, different branches of the Brahmo Samaj hold their meetings, and there are lectures and addresses on Hindu religion and philosophy. Here, also, gather the "Christian Friends," the "Mohammedan Brothers," a little Buddhist congregation, and various Temperance Societies. Every Sunday evening there is a children's hour, to continue the founder's work for many years past in training the young in religion and morality. A library and museum are being formed. A Bengali Magazine is published monthly, and Prof. J. R. Banerjee presides over a literary section. More than two hundred new members have been enrolled in the last year, and the roll includes upwards of a thousand names. Long may the venerable founder (now in his seventy-third year) survive to watch the progress of this last creation of his zeal of religious and moral reform. Such institutions as the Depressed Classes Mission and the Devalaya are limited in their usefulness only by the funds available for their support and development. Gifts from English friends are warmly welcomed, and the sympathy of the West cheers the sometimes discouraged toilers in the East. Help for Mr. Shinde's work will reach him at Parel, Bombay. The General Secretary of the Devalaya is Mr. S. R. Chandhury, 210/3/2, Cornwallis-street, Calcutta.

J. E. C.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER ON SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

THE Bishop of Winchester, in his New Year letter, says:—

“ May I make the following suggestions as the year opens for our own contribution to the better spiritual energies of the nation ?

“ First, look out for the places where some bit of life needs bettering, and for the efforts that are being made to better it. Don't stand aside apathetic, neutral, critical, faithless. But help. Try—and put your faith into trying.

“ Secondly, in our admittedly anxious social condition one unquestioned evil is the universal development of pleasure (or luxury) and of the ostentation of it in the classes who have it within their power. The ‘ spectacle of pleasure ’ is said with reason by acute observers to be one embittering cause of unrest among those that work and overwork, and those that are ragged and hungry. . . .

“ Thirdly, we can look at the lives of other persons and classes through their eyes. How should I feel if my family and I lived on the insecure edge of a drop into starvation at the mercy of some shift of trade, reduction of staff, &c. ? How does the world look to the young fatherless girl who tries to keep the home up by blinding toil, and knows that there are other paths open to her promising pleasure and profit ? How does country life look to the labourer who can't find a cottage within a couple of miles of his work, and there, because gold is cheaper, and rents are higher, and building is unprofitable, has to squeeze himself and a growing family into two rooms which take a third of his wages ? And so on. Even Bishops could wish sometimes that their lives could be seen from the inside as pretty laborious and anxious, as well as ‘ opulent ’ ! ”

SUSTENTATION FUND.

WE regret to announce that owing to reasons of health Mr. Frank Preston has had to resign the position of Hon. Secretary to the Sustentation Fund. He requests that all correspondence should be sent to the Rev. W. H. Drummond, 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W., who has consented to act as Secretary till the annual meeting. Mr. Preston has conducted the business of the Fund for many years with conspicuous tact and ability. His resignation will be received with a sense of keen personal loss by his colleagues on the Board of Management, and with sincere regret by all the church officials and beneficiaries of the Fund with whom he has been brought into contact.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Blackpool.—The Rev. W. Copeland Bowie visited the Unitarian Church at Lytham-road, South Shore, on December 14, when he addressed the members of the congregation at a social gathering. The Rev. J. Horace Short, of the North Shore Church, also spoke. Mr.

Bowie preached on Sunday morning. The minister, the Rev. H. Bodell Smith, delivered the first of a course of “ Neighbourhood Lectures ” on Monday, December 15, the subject being “ Shakespeare's ‘ Hamlet. ’ ” On Christmas Day a united service was held at the North Shore Unitarian Church, conducted by the Rev. J. H. Short, the sermon being preached by the Rev. H. Bodell Smith.

Chatham.—A Bazaar was held in December in connection with the Unitarian Church, on behalf of the church funds. It was opened on the first day by Mrs. W. Blake Odgers, and on the second day, instead of a formal opening, a recitation of appropriate verses was given by eight children dressed as flowers. The minister of the church, the Rev. J. Morgan Whiteman, presided on both occasions. The sale was fairly successful, and resulted in a net contribution to the church funds of over £50.

Leeds, Mill Hill Chapel.—The 240th anniversary was celebrated on Sunday last, the preacher being the Rev. E. I. Fripp, B.A., of Leicester. Towards the close of his morning sermon, the subject of which was “ Comfort in God,” the preacher said:—Where could they find comfort in God better than in that church ? For 200 years and more it had been there, free for all who wished to find God, and reverence Him, free to part from superstition, free to leave behind the unessential and the controversial, free to devote itself to the work of the kingdom of heaven. Never was theology so discredited, never did the queen of sciences suffer such low repute. It was for men and women trained in freedom to restore her reputation, and set her again on the throne. Were men ever so conscious of the miseries, the inequalities, the distresses, the limitations, the tragedies of human existence ? These were not more, but less, than they used to be but they were felt more keenly, more passionately, more righteously. War, death, disease, ignorance, filled them with deeper horror than of old, and demanded a deeper faith. Where should men lay their perplexities and find a solution if not in that church ?

London Lay Preachers' Union.—On Monday evening, December 30, after a short devotional service conducted by the President (Mr. E. R. Fyson), the Rev. H. Gow gave an address on “ Immortality.” At the outset Mr. Gow declared his view that a reverent agnosticism on this question was better than a light-minded positivism. For himself, he had no hope, nor did he want any hope, that the existence of the dead in another life would be scientifically established. The methods and findings of current spiritualism repelled him ; nor did he find much help in the very prevalent idea of Reincarnation. He commented on the fact that the scientific objections to belief in immortality came mainly from the biologists, whereas the physicists were, on the whole, favourably disposed. For himself, the belief in Immortality was involved in his belief in God. God was infinitely more than a Father to man—not infinitely less, like an impersonal force such as electricity ; and it was consequently incredible that He would disappoint the longing, which was strongest in the noblest men, for a continuance of their life. Moreover, it was just in the case of the highest lives that the sense of incompleteness was most marked. In the conference, which was opened by the President, many interesting points were raised. Mr. Kinsman differed from Mr. Gow in the matter of spiritualism, and quoted, with approval, a passage in which the Rev. R. J. Campbell had expressed his hope and belief in the attainment of scientific certainty of Immortality by means of spiritualism. The Revs. W. H. Drummond and J. Arthur Pearson, and Messrs. Beckwith, Colyer and Tarrant, jun., also spoke.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

THE LABOUR PROBLEM FROM A WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

In an article which appeared in the *Times* a few days ago an analysis is made of the causes of the prevailing discontent among the industrial classes which brings home some significant facts. The writer declares that “ whatever may be the underlying causes the fact remains that our average workman is worse off to-day than he was ten or fifteen years ago,” and this in spite of the growing wealth of the nation and the schemes for social betterment which have been set on foot by philanthropists and legislators. For one thing, the average workman has not been earning so much lately as he did ten or a dozen years ago. “ ‘ Speeding up,’ the abolition of ‘ rest times,’ the reclassification of grades, the docking of special ‘ allowances ’ for extra hard or dirty jobs, and other readjustments which never find their way into official records have far more than wiped out the reported advances of wages since 1897 or thereabouts.”

* * *

WE have to add to this the steady rise in prices, one of the hard facts which everybody is realising more acutely day by day. “ Averaging the Board of Trade index figures (1900 prices equal 100) they work out like this:—

Bread—London—Retail—

1897-1901	102.9
1902-1906	106.3
1907-1911	111.2

Beef—

1897-1901	98.8
1902-1906	102.0
1907-1911	108.0

Bacon—

1897-1901	101.6
1902-1906	111.4
1907-1911	125.4

Butter, eggs, cheese, fish, and most other articles of common diet have seriously advanced in price. So have petty luxuries such as beer, spirits, and tobacco. Certainly our average workman is at least 15 per cent. worse off than he was in the late nineties. Add to that the intensification of toil and the multiplication of hazards in most of our industries through ‘ speeding up ’ and you have something like a picture of the real labour problem.”

THE SWARTHMORE SETTLEMENT.

Admirable work has been done during the past year at the Swarthmore (Leeds) Settlement for Social and Religious Study, indeed, it has been the most successful year since it was founded in 1909. The first aim of the Settlement is to increase the equipment of religious and social workers, and it has steadily increased its hold upon the interest of the large number of people connected with the Friends' Meetings in the district, the adult schools and other organisations for religious and social work. The experiment chronicled last year of starting a tutorial class in the History of Religion and Theology has been so successful that a second similar class, in History and Economics, taught by Henry Clay, B.A., of the Workers' Educa-

tional Association, has now been determined upon. The average annual membership for 1911-12 was 178, the average weekly attendance being 174. Much visitation and lecturing work is done by the Warden, and Mr. Maurice L. Rowntree, resident lecturer, in and outside Yorkshire, and requests come from all parts for assistance of this kind.

PROGRESS IN POST OFFICE REFORMS.

Sir J. Henniker Heaton reviews the progress made by the British Post Office during the past year in an interesting letter to the *Times*, and predicts that in a very few years our dream of "universal penny post" and "penny a word" cables and wireless messages (twelve for a shilling) will be realised. He quotes the following figures from statistics supplied by Sir Alexander King, the official head of the British Post Office:—(1) Seventy years ago the number of letters delivered per head of population of the United Kingdom was seven. Last year the number of letters delivered per head of population was seventy. (2) Last year each person in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland received on an average 120 postal packets—letters, postcards, newspapers and parcels. In addition to this each person on an average received two telegrams.

* * *

In 1887 the number of letters sent abroad originating in the United Kingdom was 49,714,000; and in 1911 the number is estimated at 167,000,000. Last year we despatched to France and Germany 16,000,000 letters each. To Italy we posted 3,800,000. In 1887 we sent to France 9,400,000 letters, and to Germany 8,000,000 letters; while to Italy in the same year 1,900,000 letters were despatched. A remarkable fact is stated in regard to the introduction of penny postage in Australia, which was delayed for many years because the officials estimated the loss at £400,000 a year—exactly the amount now estimated as the cost to England of establishing universal penny postage. After one year's trial of penny postage in Australia, and to England, Ireland and Scotland, the Australian postal revenue, instead of showing a decrease of £400,000, showed an increase of £21,000. After that it would seem absurd for England to hesitate, with 45,000,000 of people, to declare for universal penny postage at an estimated loss which was boldly faced by 4,000,000 Australians less than two years ago.

THE FABIAN BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

The first two pamphlets of the biographical series published by the Fabian Society give the life history of Francis Place and Robert Owen, told by St. John G. Ervine and B. L. Hutchins respectively. They are concisely written, and convey very effectively the difference in mental characteristics and temperament between the two men—one an "early Victorian Fabian," who insisted on "dogged thinking, clear ideas, comprehensive views, and pertinacity, i.e., a good share of obstinacy or hard-headedness," the other an idealist, a "pathfinder," of unusual sweetness of disposition, whose ruling passion was the love of his kind. Owen

was somewhat despised by Place, who nevertheless realised that the idea with which he was obsessed was of value. Owen, on the other hand, disliked the mechanical conception of industry so much insisted on by the politicians and economists. But both men have made a real contribution to the study of social reform, and those who follow in their steps to-day ought not to be ignorant of their work and thought.

A YEAR'S LIFE SAVING.

Eight hundred and fifty-eight cases have been sent in to the Humane Society from all parts of the Empire during the last twelve months, and 962 persons have received medals, testimonials, or a reward in money for saving 839 lives and attempting to save 94 others, who were either drowned or fell victims to foul gas in mines, &c. Nearly all the cases have been individual acts of gallantry and bravery, performed, in many cases, at considerable risk. One hundred and seventy-six cases took place in the various canals throughout the country, and of the rescuers no fewer than 140 were of the ages of fifteen or under. Twenty-nine silver medallions have been presented to various public and other schools for proficiency in life-saving exercises.

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Jan. 5.—Rev. JAMES HARWOOD.
" 12.—Rev. A. W. TIMMIS, of the Hulme Mission, Manchester.
" 19.—Rev. J. H. WEATHERALL, of Bolton.
" 26.—Morning, Rev. Dr. HUNTER, of Glasgow; Evening, Rev. FRANCIS H. JONES.

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